

The Trained Beavers Struck.

Tom Wilkinson knew the North Woods from one end to the other, said the old guide reminiscently to the party that had gathered about the evening campfire. And there's no denying Tom had a natural gift for training animals. But with these undoubted talents, Tom combined a streak of meanness and laziness that sometimes brought his best schemes to naught. Now, take the care of his trained beavers. There wasn't another man in the North Woods that could have trained them as Tom did. And there wasn't another man who would have been as avaricious enough to try and make his happy little workers do night work, after they had completed a day of hard toil for his benefit.

One day when Tom was strolling through the woods, wondering how he could get a supply of brook trout to sell to the hotel without working for them, he happened on a family of beavers. The beavers were working away in their usual industrious manner, carrying mud on their flat tails, cutting down small trees and building up a dam for the winter. Nothing pleased Tom more than to see some one else work, so he seated himself at the foot of a big tree and put in most of the day calmly smoking. But the more he looked at the beavers the more indignation he felt to think that none of their industry was for the benefit of honest old Tom Wilkinson, as he called himself.

"There ain't an animal," said Tom, in benevolent tones that evening, "that is more deserving or has a harder row to hoe than the beaver. And there ain't an animal that, properly trained by the right man, could do more to cheer the declining years of his instructor and aid him in catching brook trout, which sell for a good price, but are too shy and elusive for me to gather them in without the expenditure of undesirable effort."

"I couldn't see the sense of his plan. 'There isn't a better disposed or more amiable creature in the North Woods than the beaver,' I replied, 'but I never heard of their catching fish. If you could prevail on a beaver to try and help you he wouldn't understand the game. The principal fish-catching animal in these parts is the otter. And I am doubtful if even your talents in the way of animal training are sufficient to establish an Otter's Aid Society for the benefit of Lazy Old Men.'"

"Tom looked hurt at my sarcastic wit. 'I don't ask the beavers to gather up the fish for me, he answered, sort of grumbled. 'I'm willing to do that myself, it's necessary. Beavers are happiest when they are building a dam, and of course they would be twice as joyful if they could be taught to build two dams near each other in the same stream. Fish are shy of man-built dams, but they aren't of those constructed by beavers. Then I can make a little sluice gate in each dam. If I shut the upper gate and open the lower, the fish between the two dams will go out with the water. And your Uncle Tom Wilkinson will be waiting at the lower gate with a big net to scoop up every unwary trout that comes that way. Once I get my two beaver dams built and I can repeat the operation every day.'"

"So Tom set to work and captured a band of beavers. As fast as he caught one he would put him in a little pool he had fenced in near his house. Tom fed the beavers and petted them, and it wasn't long before they got to know him and would follow him about like a lot of heavy-tailed, clumsy dogs. Finally Tom judged he had beavers enough, and that they knew him so that none of them would run away. Then he took the whole lot up to a trout stream. Tom started building the dam himself, the beavers sitting in a solemn row on the bank watching him. As soon as he had the dam started Tom drew out and motioned to the beavers to go on with the work. The beavers looked at Tom in an inquiring way, but dam-building is their forte, and it wasn't but a little while before they appreciated what Tom wanted. Then every beaver turned in, after the earnest industrious manner of the beaver tribe, and began bustling that dam across the trout stream. As soon as he had the beavers started Tom took a seat on the bank and began smoking his pipe."

"I may not get any medal from the humane society, said Tom piously, when I happened that way, 'but I certainly do deserve them. A man who rescues these busy little animals from a wild life and gives them regular work is the real old genuine article of beaver benefactor. Future generations of beavers will hear with envy of the original colony that got its training under honest old Tom Wilkinson.'"

"Well, as soon as the beavers had finished one set of dams Tom set them at work building another. The beavers didn't take kindly to this, for a beaver builds a dam more for a home than from earnest wish to lead a strenuous life. But Tom fed his little workers well, and having, as I have said, a natural gift in training animals, the beavers had come to have a world of trust in him. When they were put at work building a new dam they would look around in a puzzled manner that was pathetic to see. Then the old beaver who directed operations would glance at Tom as much as to say: 'If Tom Wilkinson approves of this it must be all right. And each beaver would turn in and build the dam.'"

"Pretty soon Tom had half a dozen sets of dams running. He would empty one every two or three days and the money he made selling fresh brook trout was amazing. And he might have kept up his beaver fish business to this day if the inborn meanness of the man hadn't cropped out. One evening when his beavers came trooping home, all tired out after a hard day of dam-building, they found the gate at the entrance to the little pond they lived in closed. The beavers couldn't under-

stand it, and kept poking around in a depressed sort of manner until Tom came up. But instead of opening the gate and letting his beavers enjoy their well-earned food and rest, Tom hustled them down to the nearest set of dams. Then he opened the lower sluiceway."

"Now," said Tom to the oldest beaver, "it's up to you to catch fish, or you'll get nothing to eat tonight. I've lavished loving care and brain work on the education of this band of beavers, and no beaver wants to get the idea into his head that his duty is done as soon as he has finished his little stunt of dam building. Fish catching is the end and aim of this industry, and there ain't any reason why a strong, healthy beaver shouldn't do it, instead of leaving the job to a tired old man whose health obliges him to do a good deal of resting."

"The beavers seemed to understand the substance of what Tom said and each faithful little animal stationed himself below the sluiceway and began grabbing fish. It wasn't a hard job, for the water came through so slowly the fish were nearly stranded away. But dam building, not fish catching, is the long suit of a beaver and it was evident they didn't take kindly to the new industry. And each beaver had already done a good day's work and felt he was entitled to food and rest."

"You'll spoil everything and drive those beavers into a strike," I warned Tom. "There isn't a kinder animal in the world than a beaver, but even he don't like to be imposed upon."

"But no beavers could be taught to fish, and fish they should. If the beavers struck, Tom would starve them out, or import pauper beavers in their places. Beavers sleep too much, anyhow," said Tom, obstinate like. "It will be healthier for the beavers and easier for your Uncle Tom Wilkinson if they work two or three hours every evening catching fish. In the end these beavers will thank me for not letting them waste in slumber the precious hours when they might be working for the worthy old man that rescued them from the wilderness and trained and educated them."

"Any evidences the beavers felt of thankfulness were admirably disguised, for all the next day they worked in a sullen, disgusted sort of way, like beavers who think their unalienable rights have been infringed upon. When evening came Tom tried to hustle them off to another dam for a turn at the fishing game. Not a beaver would budge, but each one stood looking first at Tom and then at the gate to their pond, as if they were telling him that it was up to Tom Wilkinson to open the gate, or they would strike. Tom didn't make a move. Then the oldest beaver waddled nearer and gave out a series of little grunts. It was plain the poor old beaver was trying to talk to Tom."

"He's telling you their grievances," I said to Tom. "They aren't unreasonable beavers and only want you to meet them half way."

"He's a walking delegate beaver," replied Tom in a rage, "and he's trying to stir up my employees to go on a strike. But I'll show him how Tom Wilkinson treats beavers who try to start labor riots."

"And Tom picked up a stick and began beating the faithful old beaver. The beaver stood it for a moment and then he turned and waddled as fast as he could to the nearest stream. Every beaver followed him. At the edge of the stream they stopped and each beaver looked back to see if Tom showed any signs of relenting. Even then the good-hearted, industrious beavers were willing to stay if Tom would only treat them decently. But Tom was following after, stick in hand and cursing. Each beaver gave what seemed like a little beaver sort of sigh and plunged into the water. And that was the last ever seen of Tom Wilkinson's dam-building beavers."

"Well, of all heartless ingratitude," said Tom. "To think of these beavers that I've loved and cherished, and educated, leaving me like that. Right in the midst of the fishing season, too."

"Don't blame those beavers, Tom Wilkinson, I said to him severely. 'It was all your own fault. If you had treated them fairly, they would have stayed with you, and worked for you, and been a crown of glory for your declining years.'"

Substitution Is Suspicious.

The attempt by a dealer to sell his customer a substitute in place of the article the buyer calls for at once places that dealer under the ban of suspicion. The only reason why the buyer does not invariably realize the suspiciousness of substitution and promptly resent it, is probably because in many cases the money transaction involved is so small that it does not suggest the motive for fraud. Suppose a jeweler advertises a diamond at \$50.00. He places it in his window. A would-be buyer enters the store and asks for this particular diamond. But the jeweler says, 'I can give you that diamond if you want it, but here's another that's just as good as the one advertised. The buyer's suspicions would be aroused at once. He would insist on the stone in the window and he'd keep an eye on it to see it wasn't changed. But in the case of a fifty-cent transaction it is different. The buyer often accepts the substitute which is offered as 'just as good' as a widely advertised article, although substitution is just as suspicious in a fifty-cent transaction as in one involving fifty dollars."

Look at the question from another point of view. A sale of stock is advertised. There are horses with pedigrees and records to be sold. Farmer Brown attends the sale with the purpose of buying one of those good horses. But the seller says to him, 'That horse you want is a good horse, of course, but I've got another here that is just as good which I'd like to sell you,'

"Has he just as good a pedigree?" "Well no, he hasn't any pedigree to speak of."

"Has he any record?" "Well no, we never held a watch on him that I know of, but he's 'just as good' as the horse you want."

Would Farmer Brown buy the "just as good" horse? The question answers itself. And yet this same farmer will allow himself to be swindled time and again by accepting "just as good" articles in place of those he called for. The article he called for has, so to speak, a pedigree and a record. It's a standard in the markets of the world. Yet in place of this standard article he will accept a substitute which nobody knows anything about, an untried, unproved article which has no record of value, and no proof of origin."

Let the buyer who is offered a substitute bear in mind that substitution is suspicious, and that a substitute always carries the ear marks of a swindle."

HERE'S AN AUTO-SLED.

Inventor Calls It an Auto-Mo-Sled-Steam Contrivance for Use on Snow or Ice.

Automobiles of the ordinary kind are rather scarce in Maine, but when it comes down to sleighing in style, the Pine Tree State is in a fair way of outdoing the rest of the country this winter. Ira Peavey of this city, a mechanic of experience, has just completed the model of an "auto-sled" and says that when the thing is completed he will be able to plough through the deepest drift that ever piled on Main street and transport passengers with despatch.

The auto sled will be 10 feet long, 3 feet high and 4 feet in width and will be propelled by a gasoline engine of twenty horse power. In forcing the sled forward two steel cylinders are used, each 10 feet long and 26 inches in diameter. Wound around these cylinders and firmly attached to the outside, are spiral cams, 2 inches high and 3 inches wide with deeply concaved surfaces and capable of taking hold of the most icy surface. The cylinders are attached to the engine by means of bevel gearing and the speed can be easily regulated to suit the person who guides the vehicle.

Mr. Peavey calls his invention an "auto-mo-sled" and is confident that it will make rapid time on the snow-covered highway or on ice. He has been working on the steam sled for more than five years and the great est part of this time was spent in experimenting with the revolving runners. He found that if both the spirals were put on right-handed that the sled would go to the right, while it would go the other direction if the spirals were left hand. After he had made one right and one left-handed, there was more thinking to be done. By putting the coils close together he could develop great power of propulsion, but could make but little speed. Spirals put wider apart gave speed without power and to meet both conditions he has constructed two sets of runners, one for work on the level road and the other for hill climbing.

The cylinders run fore and after with the auto and the power is furnished by double piston rods so arranged that the engine can never get on a centre. The tubing and frame-work as well as the cylinders are of thin highly tempered steel, so that the whole sled, with boiler, seats, engine and all does not weigh over 1,200 pounds. The vehicle is guided by a set of runners attached to the front of the main body of it and has a handle running back to the driver's seat like electric and steam automobiles.

Tender Corns.

Soft corns, corns of all kinds removed without pain or sore spots by Putman's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Thousands testify that it is certain, painless and prompt. Beware of substitutes offered for the genuine "Putman's" Extractor. Sure, safe, harmless. At all druggists or sent by mail upon receipt of twenty-five cents. N. C. Poisson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Heroic Stuff.

The pioneers of Kentucky—the great Indian battle-ground—were, men, women and children alike, made of heroic stuff. The annals of the state abound in deeds of heroism. In "Kentucky Sketches" Mr. Lewis Collins relates an instance of boyish fortitude.

In the year 1791 Captain Hubbell, with a party of twenty men, women and children, steeled down the Ohio River in a flatboat, destined for Limestone, Kentucky. Twice the little party was attacked by large bodies of Indians from the shore. Several of the men were killed, and the band of pioneers was in danger of extermination. Fortunately the current of the river bore the boat into midstream beyond the range of the redskin bullets.

When the danger was past, a little son of Mr. Placout went up to the captain, and with great coolness asked him to take a bullet out of his forehead.

"Why, Tommy, what's this?" said Captain Hubbell, as he saw the boy's bloody face.

Examination showed that a bullet had passed through the side of the boat penetrated the forehead of the young hero, and remained under the skin.

Tommy did not utter a sound as the captain with the point of his knife cut a hole in the skin and pressed the bullet out.

"You're a brave one, Tommy," the captain said.

"That isn't all," said the boy; and raising his arm, he revealed a piece of bone at the point of his elbow, which had been shot off and hung only by the skin.

"Why, Tommy, why didn't you tell me of this?" cried his mother, at sight of the bleeding arm.

"Because the captain said we musn't make any more noise during the fight," repeated the lad, and I was afraid if you knew it you would be scared and speak."

A Certain Method

For curing cramps, diarrhoea and dysentery is by using Pain Killer. This medicine has sustained the highest reputation for over 60 years. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

"People sometimes find pearls in oysters, do they not?" inquired the young girl as the waiter placed a steaming stew before her.

"Yes," replied the popular burlesque actress, who had asked her out to lunch. "And," she continued, with a flourish of her jewelled fingers, "occasionally one gets a diamond out of a lobster."

BORN.

Woodstock, Nov 27, to Mrs R E Holyoke, a son.
Annapolis, Nov 24, to Mrs B G Fair, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Nov 20, to Mrs Daniel Allen, a daughter.
Truro, Nov 19, to Mr and Mrs Joseph Brown, a son.
Amherst, Nov 23, to Mr and Mrs Harry Barry, a son.
Parrboro, Nov 22, to Mr and Mrs George Wright, a son.
Halifax, Nov 20, to Mr and Mrs C Williamson, a son.
Bridgetown, Nov 8, to Mr and Mrs E C Hall, a son.
Halifax, Nov 19, to Mr and Mrs Tom O'Leary, a son.
Amherst, Nov 23, to Mr and Mrs David Munford, a son.
Windsor, Nov 23, to Mr and Mrs Wallace Smith, a son.
Centerville, Nov 16, to Mr and Mrs J O Cotter, a daughter.
Wallace, N.S., Nov 23, to Rev D A and Mrs Frame, a son.
Windsor, Oct 23, to Mr and Mrs Fred Coon, a daughter.
Boston, Nov 14, to Mr and Mrs Samuel Hunter, a daughter.
Kentville, Nov 18, to Mr and Mrs H Wickwire, a daughter.
Shediac, Nov 25, to Mr and Mrs D Dolron, a daughter.
Memramook, Nov 14, to Mrs David Melancon, a daughter.
Parrboro, Nov 24, to Mrs Freeman Williger, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Nov 6, to Mr and Mrs Fred Jones, a daughter.
Woolbrook, Nov 15, to Mr and Mrs Herbert Barker, a son.
Yarmouth, Nov 20, to Mr and Mrs Daniel Allen, a daughter.
Parrboro, Nov 16, to Mr and Mrs W Canning, a daughter.
Truro, Nov 20, to Mr and Mrs H B McLaughlin, a daughter.
New York, Oct 24, to Mr and Mrs Wm Holloway, a daughter.
Avonport, Nov 15, to Mr and Mrs Arthur Lockhart, a son.
Yarmouth, Nov 20, to Mr and Mrs Leander Coomes, a son.
Central New Annapolis, Nov 11, to Mr and Mrs Peter Toth, a son.
Kensington, P.E.I., Nov 27, to Mr and Mrs Edwin Smith, a son.
North Sydney, Nov 29, to Rev Mr and Mrs C W Vernon, a son.
Somerville, Mass, Oct 30, to Mr and Mrs Edgar Crocker, a son.
East New Annapolis, Nov 9, to Mr and Mrs Arthur Tucker, a son.
North Sydney, Nov 20, to Rev Mr and Mrs F M Young, a daughter.


MARRIED.

Cape Breton, Nov 21, John Kellaway to Teresa Neaugh.
Cambridgeport, Mass, Nov 15, Fred Gass to Georgie Simpson.
Amherst, by Rev W E Bates, Archie Madden to Louisa Bowlin.
Centerville, Nov 15, by Rev J B Merrill, George Brannen to Edith Wickes.
Windsor, Nov 27, by Rev W Phillips, Arthur Bezaon to Alah Benedict.
Bedford, Nov 28, by Rev Father Young, Thos Walsh to Eileen McKay.
Parrboro, Nov 17, by Rev D H McQuarrie, Wm Sears to Lena Cannon.
Liverpool, Nov 22, by Rev H S Shaw, George W Cranford to Jessie Wier.
Sydney, Nov 28, by Rev Father McIsaac, John A McNeil to Belle Gonthro.
Dayton, Nov 24, by Rev G M Wilson, John W Foster to Nellie B Palmer.
Baccaro, Nov 26, by Rev John Phelan, Robert W Smith to Annie Snow.
Liverpool, Nov 21, by Rev Abram Perry, Alonzo H Shaw to Jessie Parker.
Liverpool, Nov 27, by Rev H S Shaw, Walter L Jayne to Agatha Godfrey.
Springhill, Nov 22, by Rev D Wright, Charles Pippy to Wilena McKenzie.
Mahone Bay, Nov 24, by Rev J W Crawford, Cullen Langille to Annie Wynchatt.
Parrboro, Nov 28, by Rev W M Ryan, Bradford M Gough to Ruth B Wotten.
Sussex, Nov 28, by Rev B H Nobles, Arthur K Campbell to Lilley Campbell.
East Pubnico, Nov 21, by Rev Mr McPhee, Elijah Nickerson to Lena B Huskins.
Yarmouth, Nov 21, by Rev D W Johnson, Rupert G Smith to Lena B Huskins.
Halifax, Nov 21, by Rev A C Chute, Edmund K Puddington to Lillian Street.
Tatamagouche, Nov 27, by Rev C M Mack, Tucker Matiatl to Sophia McQueen.
Oxford, Nov 21, by Rev C E Crowell, Clarence Stonehouse to Martha J Scott.
Yarmouth, Nov 29, by Rev W F Parker, Alexander Knowles to Mary Burrows.
Truro, Nov 28, by Rev Mr Davis, Samuel William Crook to Ethel Gertrude Dwyer.
Springhill, Nov 28, by Rev E P Harley, Wm H Gelling to Margaret Jane Kalliedge.

Surette's Island, Nov 27, by Rev J B C Dupuis, Troves Surette to Emille Saulnier.
Surette's Island, Nov 27, by Rev J B C Dupuis, Andrew Surette to Hortense Surette.
Waltham, Mass., by Rev Frederick Greul, Bowman N Ricker, to Daisy A Chapman.
Brule, Nov 21, by Rev G Lawton Gordon, Kenneth McKay Hammond to Emma Sutherland.
Sand River, N.S., Nov 28, by Rev George Howcroft, Edward Muddell to Loretta E Miller.

DIED.

Tusket, Nov 29, Sarah Moody, 60.
Port Joli, Nov 10, Sarah McKay, 97.
Machias, Me, Capt Jacob Wilson, 66.
Moncton, Nov 27, Abram Stevens, 75.
Amherst, Nov 27, Samuel F Horton, 69.
Boston, Nov 25, Francis P Connelly, 22.
Hammond, Nov 26th, Sally Matlicks, 82.
Sydney, Nov 28, Alexander McInnis, 67.
Annapolis, Nov 22, Mrs A E Munroe, 85.
Caledonia, Nov 30, James A Rathburn, 48.
Bedford Row, Nov 30, Bridget Cloney, 59.
Montreal, Nov 23, Warwick H. Ryland, 55.
Ponchartraine, Nov 21, William H Morton, 70.
Woodstock, N.B., Nov 24, Patrick Gillin, 65.
Boston, Nov 17, Mrs Margaret McNamara.
Belmont, Mass, Nov 5, Sheldon Goodwin, 21.
Denver, Col., Nov 19, Mrs Almsa Crosby, 77.
Park, Creek, Nov 22, Frederick Walters, 80.
Bridgewater, Nov 25, Margaret McDonnell, 80.
Valley Station, N.S., Nov 27, Mrs Ann King, 95.
Boston, Wm Foinely, son of James Gremley, 80.
Hants, Nov 20, Emma, wife of John Fajzant, 15.
Gull Cove, Gabarus, Nov 6, Stephen Armstrong.
Meduxnekeag Creek, Nov 1st, Frank D McLean, 43.
Sussex, Nov 28, Annie M, wife of A McPherson, 38.
Clark's Harbor, Addie, wife of Eleazer Crowell, 34.
Digby, Nov 11, Hannah, wife of James Robbins, 67.
Windsor, Nov 24, Annie L, wife of A P Jones, 60.
Halifax, Nov 13, Mary, widow of the late T A Smith, 95.
McLellan's Brook, Nov 28, Hugh W McGillivray, 45.
West Somerville, Mass, Nov 26, Capt Chas W Burns.
Moncton, Nov 30, Jane, widow of the late George Duke, 70.
Halifax, Nov 24, Margaret, wife of Nicholas Brennan, 65.
Windsor, Nov 23, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs Fred Coon.
Ferguson's Cove, Nov 27, Margaret, wife of James Conway, 33.
Brookline, Mass, Nov 23, Elizabeth, wife of John McMahon, 62.
Shelburne, N.S., Nov 13, Adelaide J, wife of Mr King Perry, 85.
Westville, N.S., Nov 25, Jessie Barclay, wife of Daniel Fraser, 60.
Pawtucket, Cumberland, Nov 7, Grace, widow of James Aikles, 31.
Roxbury, Mass, Nov 20, Sarah J, beloved wife of J Lemuel Brown, 62.
Gabarus, Nov 15, Albert Cornelius, infant son of Capt Albert Bagnall.
North Sydney, Nov 24, Florence Lily, infant son of Mr and Mrs John Strickland.
Amherst, Nov 28, Ruth Beatrice, daughter of Michael J and Mary Walsh, 14.



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Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY Nov. 26th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton and Halifax	7.20
Express for Halifax, P.E.I. du Chene and Picton	12.15
Express for Sussex	12.40
Express for Quebec and Montreal	12.40
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney	12.45
A through sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.45 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.	

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.00 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex	8.30
Express from Quebec and Montreal	12.40
Accommodation from Moncton	14.15
Express from Halifax, Picton and Point du Chene	14.15
Express from Halifax and Campbellton	19.15
Accommodation from Halifax and Sydney	21.45

*Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager

Moncton, N.B., Nov. 28, 1900.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N.B.